

MARVEL
6th Jan 90

THE REAL

№82 45p

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Industries Inc.

GH0STBUSTERS™

FIVE...FOUR...
THREE... TWO...
ONE...

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



ISSN 0954-9404



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Just when one auld acquaintance had been forgot, up he pops again! Yes, he's big and white and marshmallowy and he's back with a vengeance after having spent most of 1988 in the New York sewers. Turn over a new leaf and read the mayhem in **Stone-Cold Stay-Puft!** Then we're inviting you to join in the New Year fun, and party 'til you drop – *literally* – in our spine tingling text tale **Hogmanay Horror!** All this plus the latest instalment of the **GHOSTBUSTERS II** film adaptation and you're bound to stay a fan of our heroes forever ... make that your New Year's resolution!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



SURPRISE! SURPRISE!
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! A WINTER
FAIR JUST FOR US! FANTASTIC!

WOW! WE'RE
MEGASTARS!

LOOK AT ALL THE
PEOPLE!

WELCOME GHOSTBUSTERS TO THE
FIRST ANNUAL STAY-PUFT FETE!

TAXI

I KNEW MY CALCULATIONS
WERE RIGHT! EVERYTHING
POINTED TO A SURPRISE
PARTY ON OUR BEHALF TO
CELEBRATE THE BUSTING
OF MR. STAY-PUFT!

THIS WAY, GUYS!! I'VE
GOT SOMETHING TO
SHOW YOU!

MEANWHILE,
BELOW...

SOON, DR. VENKMAN,
CUT THE RIBBON AND
UNVEIL THE STATUE!

HMM...
I'M PICKING UP
A HUGE SURGE
OF PKE!!

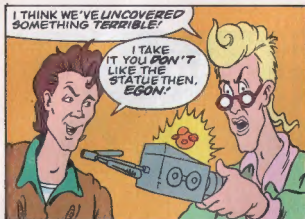
*PSYCHO
KINETIC
ENERGY

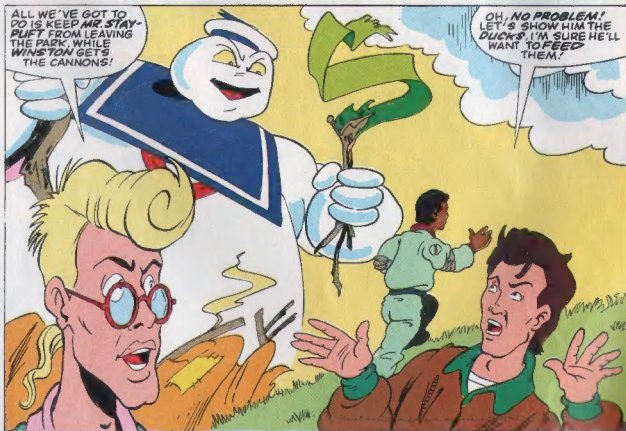
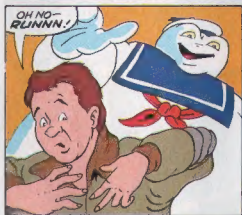
WOW! LOOK AT THAT...
IT'S AMAZING!

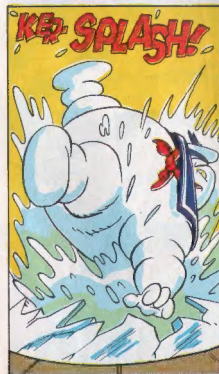
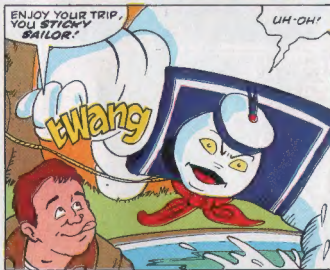
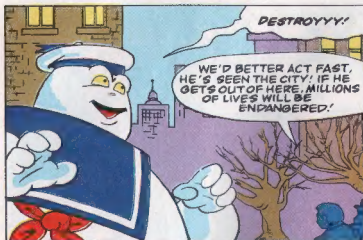
THIS IS
TO SHOW HOW
GRATEFUL THE CITY
OF NEW YORK IS FOR
ALL YOUR HARD WORK
IN KEEPING THE CITY
FREE FROM
SPOOKS!

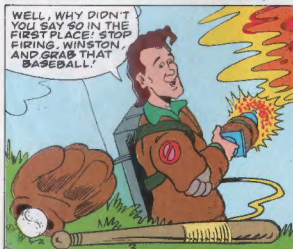
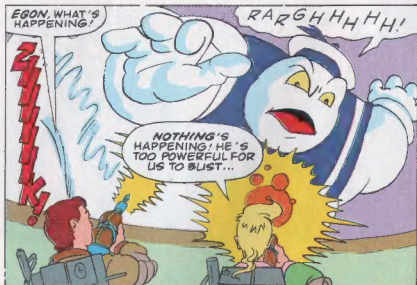
UH-OH, IT'S
REACHING
APOCALYPTIC
PROPORTIONS!

GO GO
GHOSTBUSTERS!











MARVEL

GHSTBUSTERS II

FILM SPECIAL



► The Story



► The Stars



► The Effects

► The Locations

Everything
you wanted
to know but
were AFRAID
to ask!



OUT NOW!

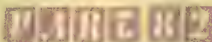
THE
SPECIAL

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

It's New Year once more, and, as everyone's thoughts are turning to the Scottish, who see in the New Year better than anyone, I thought it would be pertinent to start the Guide's 1990 entries with a look at the phantoms of Scotland.

A WEE MOANIN' THING

Fundamental to any discussion of Caledonian creepies is the seminal work *'Buggaboos and Kelpie Folk of Kirkintilloch and Glen Bannockdoom'*, a massive and unfriendly tome so large that it is often mistaken for an orthopaedic mattress. It's author was a massive and unfriendly Highlander called Fingle McFrostie who was inspired to write it after having an 'experience' during the Hogmanay celebrations of 1774. His story is undoubtedly a strange one. "It wuz a braw night, aye it wuz," writes McFrostie, "but our spirits were high, for t'was the start of a fine New Year. We raised a cup in the health of our laird, and then for his lady wife, and then for his nine wee bonny bairns (a cup each) and then fer Angus's cousin Kitty, and then I decided it were time to take a wee stroll outside and count the moons, all of which should have risen by then. It was then I heard the wee moanin' thing, a divil of a bairn no ore than a foot tall, cryin' in the night an' all ghostly pale besides. I'm no



kiddin' ye. God's honest truth. Aye, a wee moanin' thing it wuz. Are you implying something? Oh yeah? D'you wanna make something of it, eh?" Having touched the veil between our world and the next and felt it twitch in the breeze, McFrostie dedicated his life to the documentation of the Uncanny.

ST RONALD OF TWEEDIE

McFrostie's most significant achievement was to contact the spirit of the martyred monk, St Ronald the Listless, who lived in a monastery on the Isle of Tweedie in the first century AD. 'Ron' (as McFrostie calls him) admitted that all his great crusading expeditions and activities (like painting the north side of Hadrian's Wall with a mural depicting the 10th

Legion visiting a haberdasher's, or the 'swimming to the Outer Hebrides' contest, or the ill-fated 'Sean Connery Look-alike and win an autographed Book of Hours' competition) were born out of sheer boredom. This was mainly due to living on a rain-swept island in the middle of a Loch ninety miles from the nearest town, with sixteen other men who said little, wore potato sacks and whose idea of a good time was striking up a close harmony chant during a relaxing afternoon's manuscript illumination. As for his unseemly martyrdom, Ron amiably remarked that leaping off the top of Ben Olyn and putting his faith in the little holy cherubs to keep him aloft was probably pushing it even for him, and that what he really should have put his faith in was a parachute harness or a passing flock of generously-disposed ospreys. What was in no doubt at all, he concluded with some regret, was that the little holy cherubs had got pretty browned off with the location by that stage too, and had toddled off to Central Europe where, all things being equal, the impending Dark Ages and the collapse of the feudal system promised for a little more in the way of late night parties. No wonder the Scots make such a fuss about New Year.

HOGMANY HORROR!



Story **JOHN FREEMAN** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

Ghostly squeals emanating from the spooky mansion! Vast arrays of multicoloured party food fiendishly spread over the trestle tables! It can add up to only one thing . . .

It wasn't the first call of the evening, and it probably wouldn't be the last. Upstate, up from anywhere even, a strange wailing had started to wreck a very important New Year's Eve party. No sooner did a record go on, than something that sounded like several knives being dragged across china plates backwards would kick into high gear.

Naturally, the party-goers were furious and naturally, they called the Real Ghostbusters to do something about it. Unfortunately, the Ghostbusters were having problems of their own with a rather hyperactive Slimer, who was seeing the New Year in in his own delightful way.

"Slime!" shouted Peter, wiping the front of his uniform, a disgusted look on his face. Slimer blew a party screamer hopefully and offered Peter his party hat. Egon, Ray, Janine and Winston stood around this scene in the Ghostbusters HQ, trying hard not to laugh.

"I hate slime!" Peter shouted again, looking around for his Proton Gun, which Ray had carefully pushed out of sight. "No NewYeareee kissy?" mumbled Slimer.

"Don't be so hard on Slimer," said Janine. "He's just as keen to see 1990 in as the rest of us."

"I just wish he had a cleaner way of doing it," muttered Peter.

"Are we going to deal with this upstate job before New Year or not?"

"I'm not keen," said Winston. "Last time we did an upstate job, it took us three months to get paid."

"Funny how rich people like to hold onto their money," added Peter.

The phone rang again. Janine picked it up. "Ahu . . . Yes . . . No," went her end of the conversation. It was obvious the party's host was again complaining about the ethereal noises that were spoiling his night. "Yes . . . Perhaps . . .

Cash up front? Hmmm . . . a thousand dollar bonus?" Janine looked up at Slimer and the Ghostbusters. A large smile crossed Peter's face.

"Let's go!" he shouted, leaping into ECTO-1. "Just make sure you get back for our party!" Janine shouted, giving Egon the party address. "No messing with Father Time this year, or ghosts of ghosts in Times Square!" The car sped off into the cold night, sirens wailing. Slimer gave a friendly wave to Janine.

The party goes in the large Gothic mansion were in a pretty poor state by the time the Ghostbusters arrived. A young man in an expensive suit gestured mournfully at the record player, while other people stared even more mournfully into their drinks. "It's terrible," said the young man, who turned out to be the party host. "Every time we go anywhere near the record player, this horrid wailing starts."

"Ghosteree here," Slimer said helpfully, staring hopefully at the food spread all over several large tables.

"Maybeunderfoodee. Slimeelook!"

"Don't you dare," snarled Peter, "Or we may be busting more than just one ghost tonight!"

"We might at that," said Egon, checking his PKE Meter. "Apart from Slimer, I'm picking up two separate PKE valances around this house."

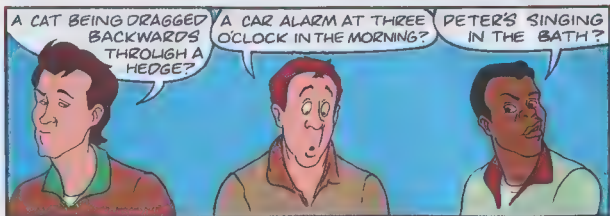
"Let's spread out," said Winston, arming his Proton Gun. "Ray, Slimer, we'll take the upstairs. Peter, Egon - check the basement."

"Slimeee not stay here and lookeee?"

"Slimeee definitely not stay here and look," replied Winston.

"Let's go!"

The house was enormous, and the PKE readings seemed to dance all over it. Just as one or more of the Ghostbusters burst



into the room they thought the ghost might be, it vanished. Meanwhile, the wailing started up again. "It reminds me of something," mused Egon.

"A cat being dragged backwards through a hedge?" said Peter.

"A car alarm at three o'clock in the morning?" suggested Ray.

"Peter's singing in the bath?" added Winston.

"Bagpipes," sniffed Slimer. The Ghostbusters looked at Slimer as though he was being stupid. "I hate to admit it," said Peter. "But Slimer's right. It is bagpipes."

"There he is," shouted Ray, looking out of the window. Down by the front door, a ghost in full kilt, bagpipes blaring, was pacing up and down the driveway to the house. "He's playing the New Year in," said Ray.

"He's also far too early!" thundered a white haired, angry-looking female ghost that suddenly appeared beside them, clutching what looked like a very antiquated bucket. "My husband could never get anything right. If I have to shoot him again..." The ghost levelled the bucket of water at the piper and fired. Nothing happened. "Bah!" she shouted, turning on the Ghostbusters. "What are you lot staring at?" she screamed.

"Haven't you seen a husband and wife having a little argument before?"

Now the Ghostbusters realised why they'd been detecting two ghostly readings. The first was the ghostly original owner of the house, running from room to room and taking ghostly pot shots at

the early piper. The second was the piper, her husband, hovering outside, waiting to see the New Year in, just as he had done many years ago – but arrived too early and made his wife furious!

"Actually," said Peter, talking to the ghostly house owner, her eyes still blazing. "It is five minutes to twelve. He pointed at his watch. None of the Ghostbusters mentioned that they'd just seen Peter wind his watch behind the ghost's back.

"You mean he's got it right at last?" thundered the ghost.

"Well, let him in then! What are you pipsqueaks waiting for!"

So Peter let the piper in, who blared his bagpipes, terrified half the party guests and delighted the rest of them who never realised that upstate New York could be so 'interesting'. The piper's wife was delighted, kissed her husband on the cheek and they vanished, arm in arm, friends again at last.

"Time we made it back for our party," said Egon, looking at his watch. "Slimer! Come away from that plate of mince pies. Leave those chicken sandwiches alone! Not the jelly..."

"Er, we'll take it off our bill," Winston said to the stunned party host as the Ghostbusters pushed Slimer quickly towards the front door...

"Happy New Year!"




KING KAJOO

It looked like this unearthly beastie was going to cause a whole heap of craziness faster than you could say 'Giant Ape the size of a Tower Block'! However, it turned out that King Kajoo was a remarkably sensitive soul who only wanted the Real Ghostbusters to take him back to Hollywood where he could fulfil his ambition to be a film star! Kajoo was a normal ape until he was possessed by a strange phantom that increased his size and intelligence. Once in Hollywood his career went through a sticky patch when

this phantom left him and he returned to normal chimp-size. Luckily the Real Ghostbusters were on hand to track down the phantom, prevent him from doing any damage as the huge robot that he had possessed, and rescue Janine into the bargain! All in a day's work . . .





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?

Not every Scottish celebration goes quite as joyously as the average New Year. This one, in fact, was so nasty that it inspired Edgar Allan Poe to write his famous horror tale *The Masque of the Red Death*.

Whilst staying in the magnificent castle of Jedburgh, King Alexander III of Scotland fell crown-over-heels in love with a striking young woman named Yolande de Dreux. The King, who had just lost his own wife, at once resolved to make this beautiful maid the new Queen of Scotland. But there was an impediment to this. Yolande was already promised to a valiant young French knight called Eronton de Blois! Dark intrigue was set in motion when the triangle of love was observed by the ambitious and unscrupulous

Count de Montbar, who approached Yolande in secret with the following sinister proposition: if she would assure him of an influential position at court, he would remove the 'impediment' to her royal match! Underestimating the Count's malevolence, Yolande agreed and within days, Eronton was found dead - a dagger plunged through his back! An investigation was carried out, but the murderer could not be traced. Before long, Alexander prepared to wed Yolande, who was now, tragically it seemed, free to marry him. The wedding feast was the most splendid imaginable. But all at once, a dark and uninvited figure strode into the hall. Dressed in a full suit of plate armour, the figure stalked the length of the room, with its visor shut and blood oozing from the joints in the metal. The feast froze

in horror.

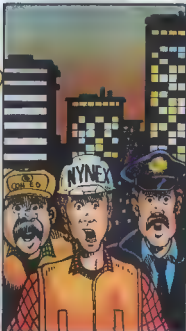
Stopping before the king and his new wife, the figure slowly raised its visor and solemnly pronounced a curse on them and their treacherous accomplice Montbar - for the King and Montbar, death within three months, and for Yolande, a life of solitary guilt and misery. Then the figure vanished, leaving only his grisly trail across the floor of the hall.

At once, Montbar collapsed in a dreadful fit. Paralysed by this stroke, he died in agony a few short weeks later. Exactly three months later, the king was killed in an accidental fall from his horse. As for Yolande, she lived into sad old age, wracked with poverty and woe, an outcast of society. Eronton's curse had come to pass!

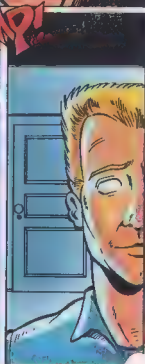
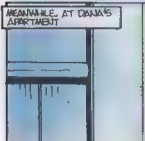
Party pooper!

GH**OST**BUSTERS II

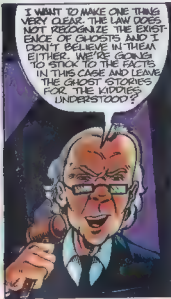
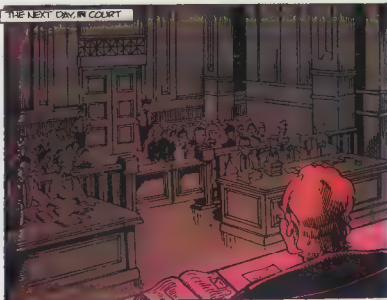
PART FIVE

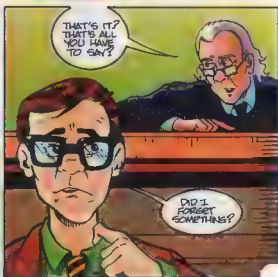
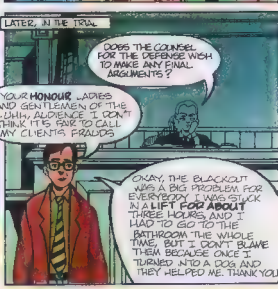
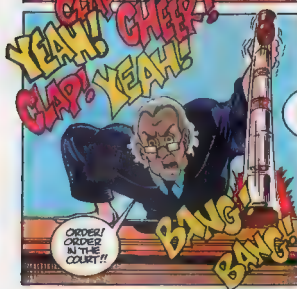


MEANWHILE, AT DANA'S APARTMENT

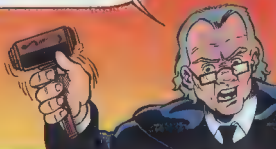


THE NEXT DAY, IN COURT





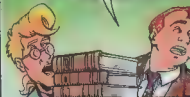
THAT WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE WORST
PRESENTATION OF A CASE I'VE EVER
HEARD IN A COURT OF LAW!!



AS FOR YOUR CLIENTS,
PETER VENKMAN, RAYMOND
STANTZ, AND EGGON SPENGLER,
I FIND YOU GUILTY ON
ALL COUNTS. I ORDER YOU
TO PAY FINES IN THE AMOUNT
OF \$5 25,000 EACH AND I
SENTENCE YOU TO EIGHTEEN
MONTHS IN THE CITY COR-
RECTIONAL FACILITY AT
RYKER'S ISLAND

UH-OH, SHE'S TWITCHIN';
THAT ECTO-LINE IS
ACTING UP!

MAYBE IT
DOESN'T LIKE THE
JUDGE'S TONE
OF VOICE!



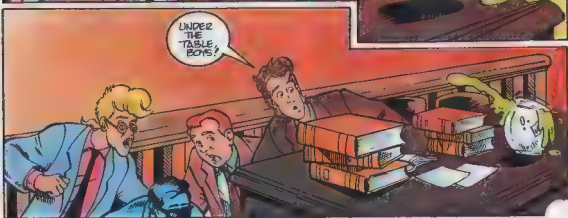
RUMBLE
RUMBLE



AND ON A MORE PERSONAL NOTE, LET ME GO ON RECORD
AS SAYING THAT THERE IS NO PLACE IN A DECENT SOCIETY
FOR FAKES, CHARLATANS AND TRICKSTERS LIKE YOU WHO
PREY ON THE GULLIBILITY OF INNOCENT PEOPLE. YOU'RE
BENEATH THE CONTEMPT OF THIS COURT, AND BELIEVE
ME, IF MY HANDS WERE NOT TIED BY THE UNALTERABLE
FETTERS OF THE LAW, A LAW WHICH IN MY VIEW HAS BE-
COME FAR TOO PERMISSIVE AND INADEQUATE IN ITS STAND-
ARDS OF PUNISHMENT, I WOULD INVOKE THE TRADITION OF
OUR ILLUSTRIOUS FOREBEARERS, REACH BACK TO A
STERNER, PURER JUSTICE AND HAVE YOU BURNED AT
THE STAKE!



UNDER
THE
TABLE
BOYS!



MORE ACTION NEXT WEEK!

GH^{OST} WRITING!



Yup, I have returned to once again face something more horrifying than a Class seven half-torso vaporous repeater ... your spelling!

Dear Peter. . .

1. Was it love at first sight when you and Slimer met?
 2. What is it like busting a ghost?
 3. Is Stay-Puft your friend?
 4. How come Winston is not a Doctor?
 5. Why are you always mad at Slimer?
 6. Why is Slimer so fat?
 7. Why has Ray got red hair?
 8. Why does Slimer always think about food?
- Hitesh and Dipesh Mistry, Ashton-under-Lyne

Right, here goes. 1. No. 2. Good. 3. Definitely not. 4. He didn't go to university like the rest of us. 5. Because he's a horrible little spud. 6. Because he eats so much. 7. It's all to do with genetics. 8. Because he's so fat.

Yo, Peter, my man!

1. What is Psycho-Kinetic Energy?
 2. In Issue sixty-eight why was Aaron reading TOBIN if you are his hero?
 3. In 'Bad Crazyness', was it just your imagination?
 4. In 'Sarah Sangster's Spectre', why did Janine sound so upset?
- Mark Warman, Bahrain
P.S. Your jokes are brill!

1. Psychokinesis is the movement of objects by mental powers without use of physical contact. Therefore Psycho-Kinetic Energy is the energy used to Psycho-Kinetic something or other . . . Yeah, that sounds about right! 2. Aaron can read whatever he wants, can't he? 3. I think it must have been something I ate. 4. Women! Who can understand them, not me!

1. What happened in Issue twenty-one after you met the **Beast of Eight Legs** that Janine pointed out?
 2. And is there another issue where the **Real Ghostbusters** team up with Ponquadrador against Nekkdasgeddon?
- J Framingheddu, Walsall

Ha! You know what? Janine was only pulling our legs when she pretended to point him out. Or was he pulling our legs? Or were we pulling one of his eight legs? 2. Where were you when Issue forty-six came out? Well, you missed Ponquadrador's bumper issue! A six page strip story, then a text story all about the Demon War!

I think your comic is brill:

1. In Issue seventy-two why was the story in which you went to the sweet shop called 'Haunter of the Dark'?
 2. Could you ask Egon when he became interested in the paranormal and how many types of ghosts are there?
- Alan Kent, Dublin
P.S. Tonight, why don't you take Slimer out of the HQ and zap him?

Hmm, not a bad idea that, but I don't think that I can be so mean to the little spud at this time of year. 1. Have you never heard of Dark Chocolate? 2. Egon reliably informs me that he started at a very early age, due to his love of the great Tobin, and that there are more types of ghosts than there are species of fungi. That basically means there are lots . . . I think!

I also have a question for you: How come in the 'Ghostbusters' film Slimer's slime is transparent and in the comic and the cartoon it is green?

— Alex Galati, Banstead

It's a strange phenomena I know, but if the slime was transparent in the comic etc. you wouldn't be able to see it. Sheesh, don't you feel stupid now?

Could you ask Egon what would happen if you turned into a werewolf?

— Ian Upton, Hornchurch

Hey, me turn into a werewolf? You must be barking mad!

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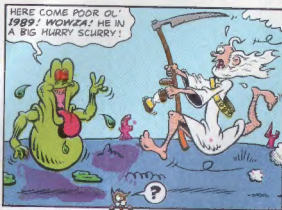
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EVENTS

LEEDS COMIC MART Saturday, 20th January *Griffin Hotel, Boar Lane, Leeds*
BIRMINGHAM COMIC MART Saturday, 3rd February *New Hotel, Birmingham*
 Top dealers from all over the country will be selling thousands of comics - back issues, new imports (Marvel, DC etc.) - film magazines, books, videos, games, posters & all kinds of subsidiary material! Opens midday. Full details (sae): Golden Orbit (mc), 18 Nelson St, York YO3 7NJ.

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SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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What are Dracula's favourite trees?
Ceme-trees!

What is black with red spots and wheels?
A bat with chicken pox! (I lied about the wheels.)

What do you get if you cross Dracula with a cook?
A spatula!
— Christopher Nichol,
Ayresshire

What do zombies do when they lose a hand?
They go to a second-hand shop!
— Heidi Sawley, Keighley

Who was the famous vampire composer?
Bat-hoven!

What sort of raincoats do monsters wear on a rainy day?
Wet ones!
— Matthew Bush, Bristol

NIGHT-CLUBBING!

IN JUST 7 DAYS



Davros says don't buy it.